With Pierre.[1] We climb to the sixth floor of a house in rue Monsieur-le-Prince, looking for a place where our group can meet. Up there we find a huge room seeming even larger because of the lack of furniture. To the left of the door the ceiling slopes downward as in a mansard. Near the floor a small door opens into an attic extending the whole length of the house under the roof. In the opposite wall a window, just waist-high, provides a view over the roofs of the Medical School, over the Latin Quarter, of an expanse of gray houses as far as the eye can see, the Seine and Notre-Dame in the setting sun, and, in the far distance, Montrnartre barely visible in the evening mist.

And together we dream of the impecunious student's life in such a room, with an unfettered pen as the only means of earning a living. And at your feet, on the other side of your writing-table, all Paris. And take refuge there with the dream of your masterpiece, and not come out until it is finished.

Rastignac's famous cry as he looks down on the City from the heights of Pere Lachaise: "And now . . . you and I come to grips!"[2]

[1] Pierre Louis (who later signed his name: Pierre Louys). [Note supplied by the author in the French edition. Such notes will hereafter be indicated by an A. in brackets.]

[2] At the end of Balzac's *P£re Goriot.*